

VOL. 2 No. 17

APRIL 15, 1947

# TREASURE CHEST



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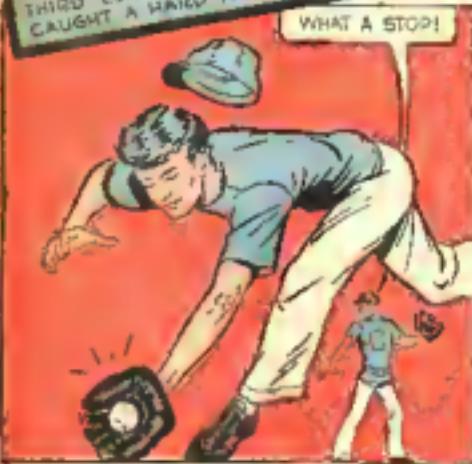
# BASEBALL

## AND HOW TO PLAY IT



THE COLUMBUS BOYS' CLUB IS LEADING THE KINGS BY 2 RUNS. IT IS THE NINTH INNING, AND EDDIE, THE THIRD BASEMAN, HAS JUST CAUGHT A HARD HIT BALL.

TIPS  
ON PLAYING  
THIRD  
BASE

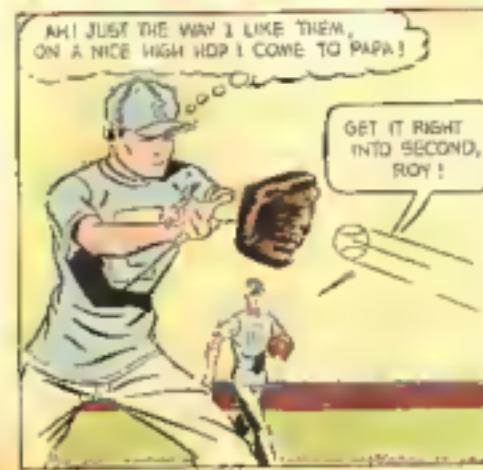


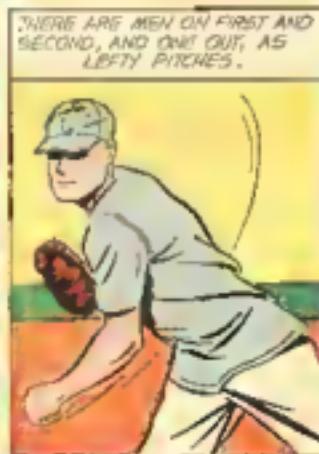
WHAT A STOP!



I HOPE  
I GET HIM!

TREASURE CHEST of FUN and FACTS, Vol. 3, No. 13. Published every two weeks during the school year, except during the holidays, by Geo. A. Phearn, Publisher, Inc., 124 East Third St., Dayton 2, Ohio. Entered as second class matter March 7, 1946 at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3, 1893. Single subscription: \$1.60 per year, \$2.00 in Canada. Subscription rates in quantity orders supplied on request. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright, 1943, by Geo. A. Phearn, Publisher, Inc. Also publisher of the YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER, the JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER and OUR LITTLE MESSENGER.







## THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE FIELD

EDDIE, DO YOU REMEMBER, YESTERDAY, THAT SLOW ROLLER TO THE SHORTSTOP? YOU SHOULD HAVE FIELDED THAT BALL AS WELL AS THE BUNT THAT PASSED THE PITCHER.

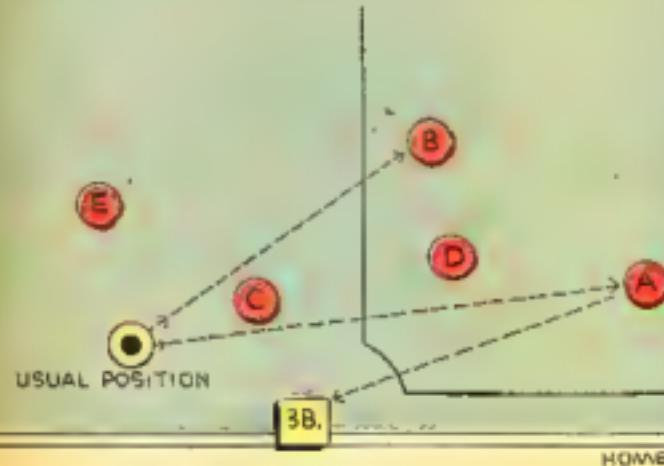
I DIDN'T KNOW THE SLOW ONE WAS MINE, AS FOR THE BUNT, WHO WOULD HAVE COVERED THIRD?



WELL, EDDIE, WITH MEN ON BASE, A THIRD BASEMAN HAS TO GO IN AND BE READY TO FIELD THE BALL IF IT IS IN HIS DIRECTION. HE SHOULD LEARN TO SCOOP UP BUNTS WITH HIS BARE HAND, WHIP THE BALL TO FIRST, THEN HUSTLE BACK TO HIS POSITION FOR A POSSIBLE PLAY AT THIRD BASE. IF THE PITCHER FIELDS THE BUNT, THE THIRD BASEMAN RUNS IN, AND THEN RIGHT BACK TO HIS BASE.



THIRD BASE IS CALLED THE "HOT CORNER" AND IT IS RIGHTLY NAMED, BECAUSE MOST OF THE BUNTS ARE AIMED IN HIS DIRECTION. A THIRD BASEMAN USUALLY PLAYS IN CLOSEST OF THE INFILDEERS. WHEN BALLS ARE HIT TO HIM, THEY ARE USUALLY HIT HARD. IT'S A CASE OF KNOCKING THEM DOWN AND MAKING A LONG, ACCURATE THROW TO FIRST. THE DIAGRAM BELOW SHOWS YOU SOME DUTIES AND POSITIONS OF A THIRD SACKER.



- A. ON BUNTS HE RUNS IN, MAKES HIS PLAY, THEN RUNS BACK AND COVERS THIRD.
- B. HE CUTS ACROSS THE INFILDE TO TAKE SLOW ROLLERS TO SHORT.
- C. HE BACKS UP THROWS TO SECOND FROM RIGHT FIELD AND RIGHT CENTER FIELD.

- D. HE BACKS UP ALL THROWS FROM FIRST TO PITCHER.
- E. HE RELAYS THROWS FROM LEFT FIELD TO HOME.
- F. HE CAN GIVE RIGHT-HANDED PITCHERS SIGNALS, IF THE RUNNER ON FIRST HAS TOO MUCH LEAD.

# THE MANTLE OF CHARITY

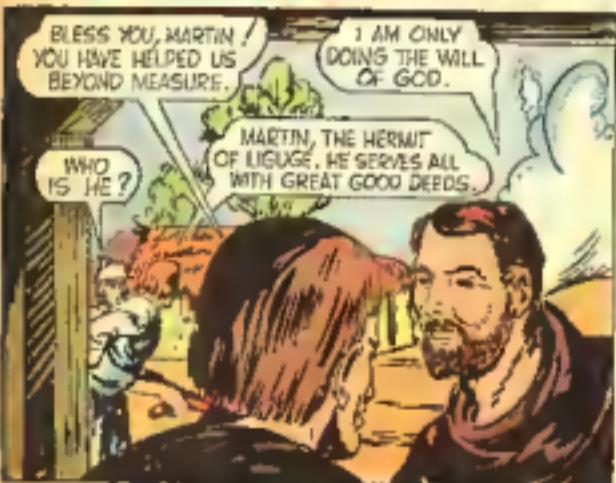
SAINT MARTIN - PATRON OF TAILORS

By SILVIO A. BEDINI



MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE 4TH CENTURY A.D., MARTIN, SAINT PATRICK'S UNCLE, WAS BORN IN HUNGARY, THEN PART OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. AT AN EARLY AGE MARTIN BECAME A BELIEVER IN CHRIST BEFORE HE COULD BE BAPTIZED. HOWEVER, HIS PARENTS ENROLLED HIM IN THE ROMAN CAVALRY, AND HIS LEGION WAS SENT AWAY TO GAUL (FRANCE).







TODAY SAINT MARTIN IS REVERED AS THE PATRON OF FRANCE. BECAUSE HE MADE ONE CLOAK DO FOR TWO, HE IS ALSO PATRON SAINT OF TAILORS. THE CHURCH CELEBRATES HIS FEAST ON NOVEMBER 11.

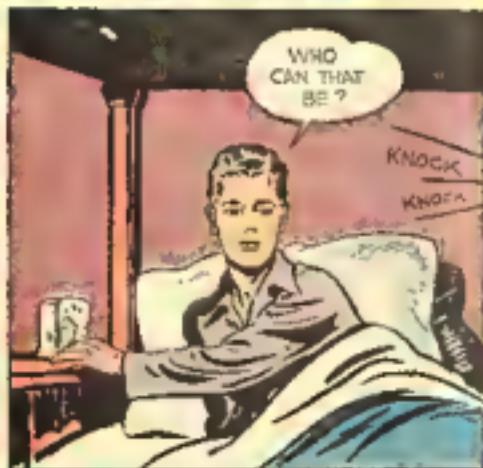
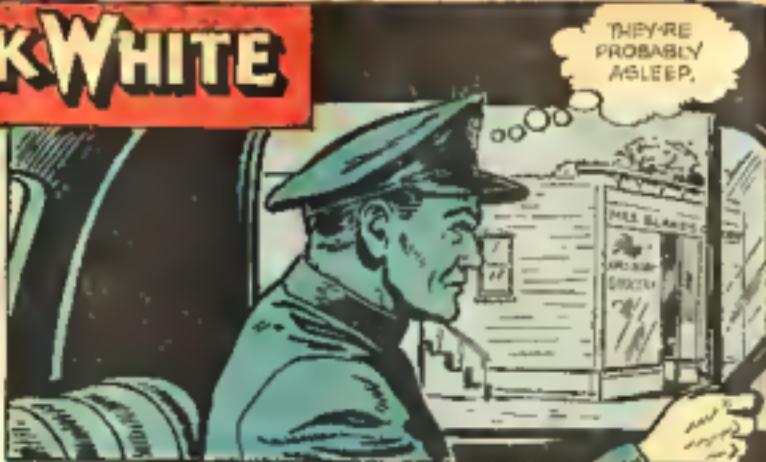


IN 1910, BELGIUM HONORED SAINT MARTIN BY USING HIS PORTAIT ON ITS FIRST CHARITY STAMPS. THE TAG WHICH APPEARS AT THE FOOT OF THE STAMP MEANS, "DO NOT DELIVER ON SUNDAY," AND URSES OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

# CHUCK WHITE

PART  
23

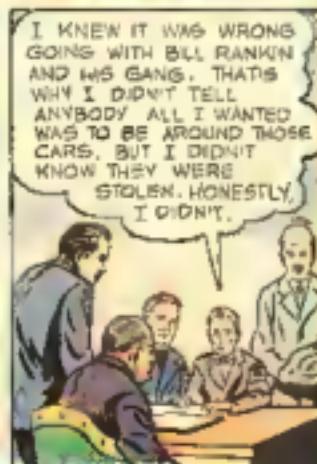
AFTER  
BOND AND  
BILL RANKIN'S  
GANG HAD BEEN  
ARRESTED,  
OFFICER  
BROPHY WAS  
SENT OUT TO  
BRING IN  
CHUCK.



I GUESS YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH WHAT YOU'VE DONE. I'LL JUST GO OVER IT BRIEFLY.

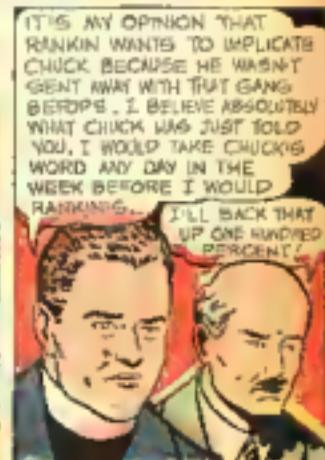
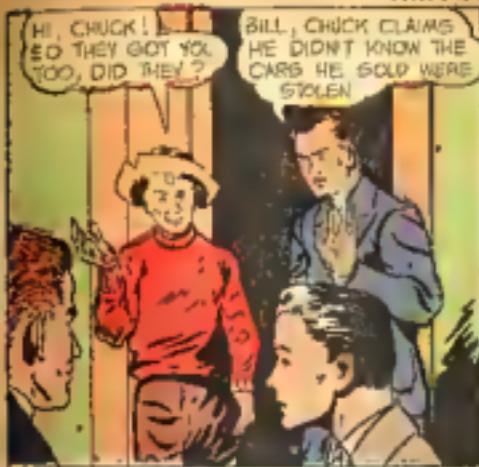
DID I LEAVE THAT LIGHT ON?





CHUCK WAS ALWAYS LIKED  
ANYTHING MECHANICAL EVEN  
WHEN HE WAS JUST A LITTLE  
BOY. HE WAS ALWAYS TINKERING  
WITH SOMETHING, BUILDING SETS,  
OLD CLOCKS,  
ANYTHING HE  
COULD GET HIS HANDS  
ON





## TREASURE CHEST



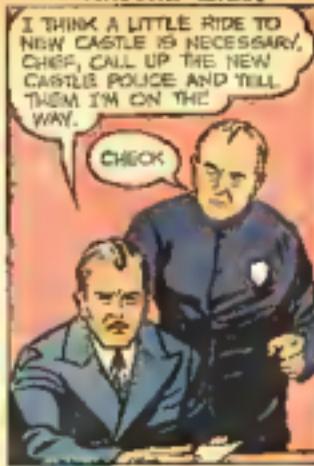
A KNOWN RACKETEER, AND GAMBLER, HE HAS ALREADY SERVED THREE TERMS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY.

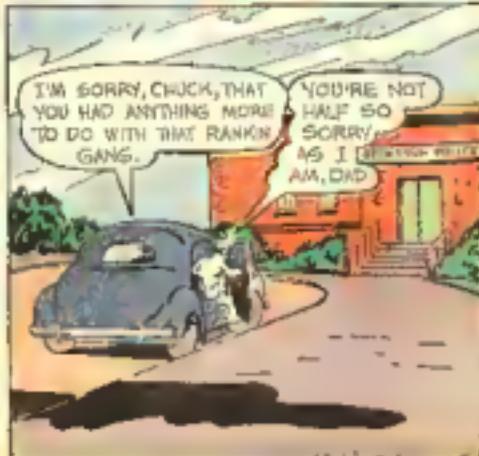
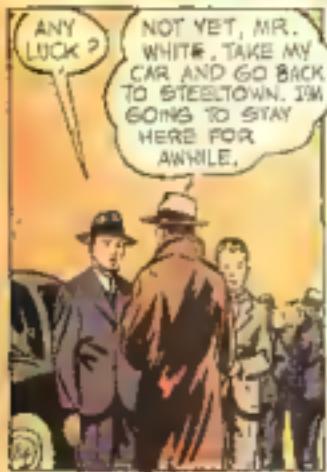
I THINK A LITTLE RIDE TO NEW CASTLE IS NECESSARY. CHEF, CALL UP THE NEW CASTLE POLICE AND TELL THEM I'M ON THE WAY.

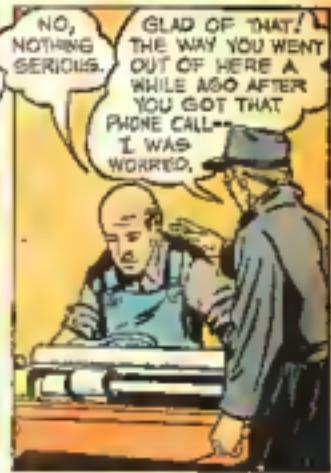
CHECK

COME ALONG, CHUCK. IF WE PICK THIS MILLER UP, I WANT YOU TO IDENTIFY HIM.

IF I MAY, I'D LIKE TO GO, TOO.







# AESOP'S FABLES

"THE CAT  
AND THE  
BIRDS"

Hi, Chum! Why aren't you chasing me today? No appetite?

I'm just sick of mice, the intolerable monotony of it all. Mice for breakfast, mice for lunch, mice for dinner!



Jim Murphy

If I catch mice, I'm a hero. If I catch precious birds, I'm a villain. I must have a balanced diet. Oh, for a bird-burger, or a bird-pie!



CLAP

CLAP

As cats go, you're not too bright. I'll give you a little tip. Little Bertie Bluebird has some broken bones. There might be a meal there for you.

I'll disguise myself as a doctor and call on the bluebirds, an errand of mercy!



If I say so myself, I make a most dignified doctor. Tra-la!

GOOD LUCK!



## MEANWHILE

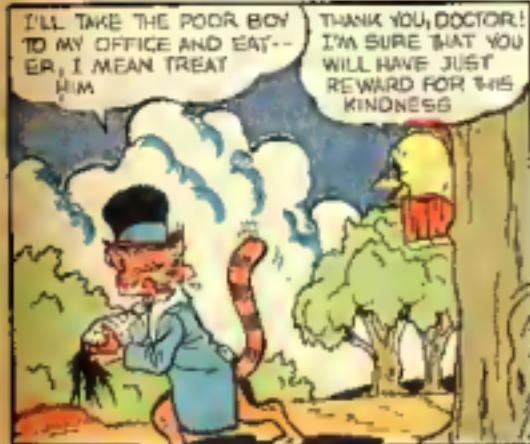
Billy Bluebird, I hurried to warn you. Carl Cat, disguised as a doctor, will call on Bertie. I might say he has bird-pie on his mind.

Thanks, friend mouse! I'll take care of him.



Some red pepper, a few tacks, some feathers from this old duster, a few yards of bandage -- and we'll be ready for Doctor Cat.





# DRAGON MOUNTAIN

By ALBERT J. KEVINS, M.M.

CHAPTER

5

BILL AND AN CHING HARRIS DELIVERED MONEY TO THE SURROUNDED LEFER COLONY, WERE CAPTURED BY COMMUNIST TROOPS AS THEY WERE RETURNING HOME. TO MAKE HIM DENY HIS FAITH, THE REDS FORCED AN CHING. LATER, THE BOYS WERE TAKEN TO RED HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THEY AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF MAJOR CHU, CHIEF OF THE COMMUNIST SECRET POLICE.

IT'S ALMOST DAWN. WHERE IS MAJOR CHU?

SOMETHING IS GOING ON. THERE IS EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE.



SOMETHING'S UP.

SSH! SOMEONE'S COMING.



YOU ARE BAD BOYS. ONE OF YOU IS A CATHOLIC AND THE OTHER KNOWS TOO MUCH. TOO BAD! TOO BAD!

TOO BAD?



YES. YOU WILL BOTH HAVE TO DIE.

BUT I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

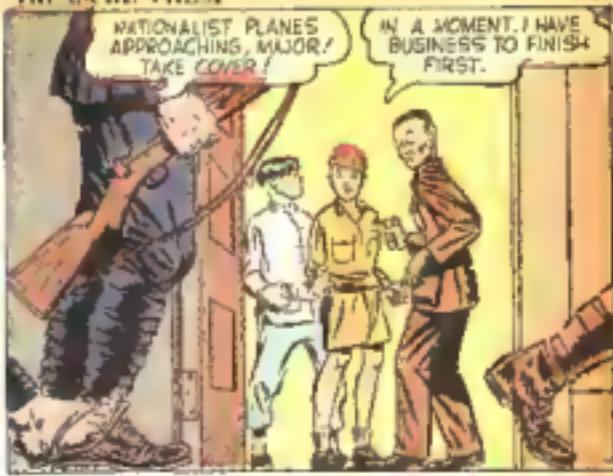


AH! MY YOUNG GUESTS SIT DOWN, BOYS!



THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. YOU WILL BOTH DISAPPEAR. NO ONE WILL KNOW.



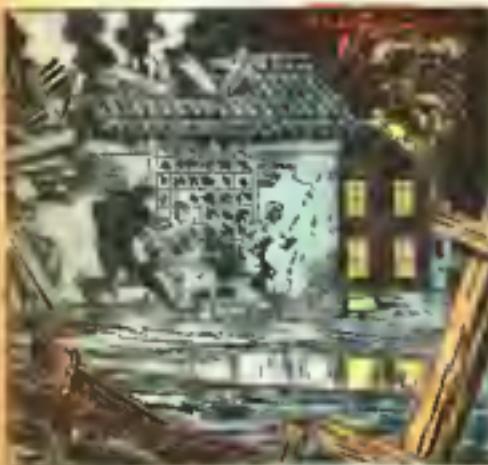




WE WON'T BOTHER  
US AGAIN...



NOW WE MAKE A  
RUN FOR IT...



KEEP GOING. IT'S  
ALMOST DAWN.



I HAVE AN  
IDEA...



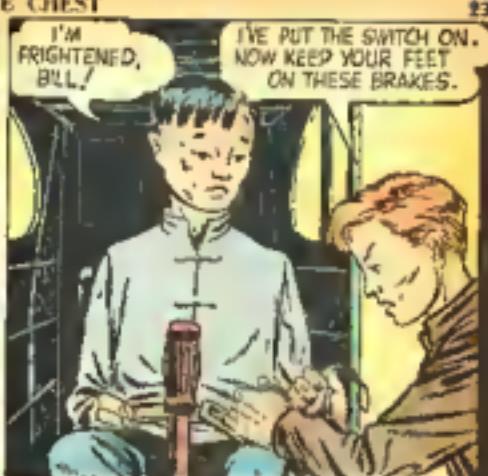
WHY? NEITHER  
OF US CAN FLY.

I WAS A CIVIL AIR PATROL CADET BACK HOME, I KNOW A LITTLE, HURRY!



I'M FRIGHTENED, BILL!

I'VE PUT THE SWITCH ON. NOW KEEP YOUR FEET ON THESE BRAKES.



SAY A PRAYER THAT IT STARTS UP.



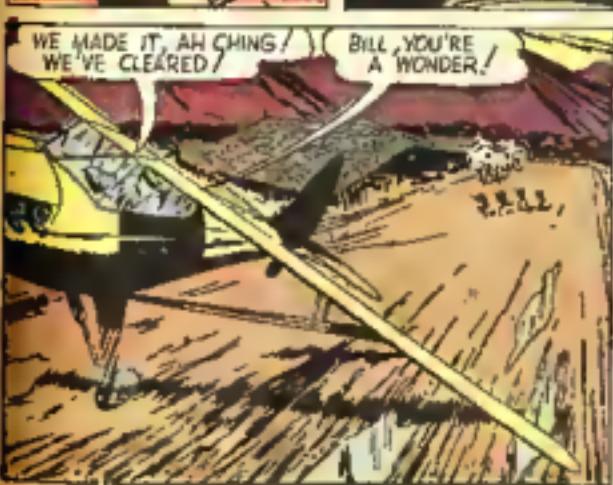
HERE WE GO!



WE MADE IT, AH CHING!

WE'VE CLEARED!

BILL, YOU'RE A WONDER!





THE ACT BEGAN.



FIRST, PRINCESS



THEN CUB DID HIS TRICK.

NOW, THE DIFFICULT  
BICYCLE TRICKCOME ON I BE  
A GOOD BEAR!

STICK TO IT, SANDY!



## TREASURE CHEST







# The Ghost Bell

by ANN WING



PART 2

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.** One night during sand up, Old Pablo, the chuckwagon cook, told "Cyclone" Bill McBride, Little Mac, Jerome Woods, and Angelito Lopez how, more than 100 years ago the mission bell of San Juan de la Espada had mysteriously disappeared. An old charcoal burner had said, according to Pablo, had been seen with a cart the night of the theft. After Pablo was asleep, Angelito added to the legend. Our Lady of Guadalupe had appeared to a blacksmith's grandson, urging him to save the bell. Grandfather and grandson had then carried the bell away, and neither they nor the bell was ever seen again. But on clear, windy nights, the bell could be heard tolling. Later that night, the tolling of a bell waked Cyclone. He told Angelito and, after they had roused Jerome and Little Mac, they decided to search for the bell.

**CYCLONE** found it difficult to convince Jerome and Little Mac that he had heard the bell, but finally they agreed to start the hunt immediately. The four boys strapped on their bedrolls and tiptoed out of camp.

"Aw, hemlock!" exclaimed Jerome, stumbling ahead of the others on their way to the arroyo. "The only bells ringing around here are in our head, Cyclone."

"Okay," said Cyclone, short on temper. "Angelito and I will go by ourselves. Of all the squalls!"

"Jinxing, I guess you are serious. Take it easy, we're going."

Jerome and Little Mac darted for their cowponies, El Cid and Calico. Angelito and Cyclone, talking softly to their mounts, Mucho Gusto and Queen Sabe, to keep them quiet, led them away from the bank of the arroyo.

"Suppose we had better leave a note for

"He'll tell Dad, so everything will be all right. We ought to have that bell by tomorrow."

"Ay," sighed Angelito. "It won't be that easy, amigo."

"That's a dim view to take," remarked Cyclone Bill, as he sharpened a stick to a point with his pocket knife. With the stick he scratched on the ground near the scrub oaks. "Dear Pablo: We've gone to look for the mission bell. Heard it ring. Back soon. Don't worry, Cyclone."

Jerome was first in the saddle. "All right," he said. "Which way do we go?"

Cyclone and Angelito consulted with each other briefly, then simultaneously pointed in the same direction. "Into the wind," said Angelito. "Due north. Do you agree, amigo?"

"Roger!" said Cyclone. "Let's go."

The Banders Hills, toward which they rode, were rolled gently in some spots and, in others, rose to a considerable height. They stretched across the Texas plains like giant lumps of earth placed upon the level country to add variety. The trees grew tall, and the grass shone, wavy and green on the slopes.

Presently, the wind increased in strength. Clouds scuttled across the sky and over the round face of the moon, now disappearing below the horizon.

"Storm coming up, sure as water is wet," predicted Jerome.

"Let's pull up for a minute," suggested Cyclone, leaning back on Queen Sabe's reins. "If we take this next turn, we'll be heading for La Candela. I'm not sure the sound of the bell

"It could have come from somewhere near La Credela," Angelito said thoughtfully. "Everybody listen, please."

Almost at once, there was a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning, then silence.

"That's just bear lightning," Cyclone said, to allay the fears of the others. "It doesn't mean anything."

"All I can hear now is the wind whistling," Jerome announced at last.

Just then, clouds obscured the moon, darkening the earth. For several moments, the boys waited for them to pass. When the darkness persisted, Cyclone said, "Let's go on. We'll just keep going. Every once in a while we'll stop and listen for the bell. Queen Sabe never loses his footing, no matter how dark it is."

"I'm not worried about the horses," said Little Mac. "Calico could follow a goat up the side of a cliff, but, if we run into a rainstorm, we'll be stranded in the dark."

The words were no sooner spoken than big drops came pelting down.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Little Mac. The ponies began to dance and set up a great clatter of bridle.

"Head for that clump of brush ahead!" shouted Cyclone.

"I see it!" yelled Little Mac as a flash lit up the scene. He clucked to his mount and the others tore after him up the rise. When they reached the little wood, they huddled together, listening to the rain pouring around them in torrents.

"There ought to be a shack around somewhere," said Cyclone. "There's bound to be a

shepherd or goatherd living in these hills. I'll look."

"Mine!" shouted Angelito, as another streak of lightning flashed across the sky. "You're right! Look yonder! A cabin."

The boys saw the shack, sitting like a knob, across the ravine from them. "We'd better make for it before the water fills up the gully," suggested Jerome. "Next time the lightning comes, we'll go like blazes."

With the next flash, Cyclone gave a wild yell, and they all went skidding and plunging downward. Spurred by fear, the crazed horses bounded up the opposite bank, scattering stones and gravel behind them. Upon reaching the top, the boys dug their heels into their ponies' ribs and raced toward the shack. The rain seemed angry and struck them like whips. A lean-to shed, sheltered on two sides, had been built onto the shack, and the boys ran their ponies under it.

"Wheel! This is luck!" exclaimed Cyclone, swinging down off Queen Sabe. "You all wait here until I see if I can rouse anybody."

"Roger!" the others agreed. They, too, dismounted and slapped their hats against their legs to knock the water off them.

Cyclone darted out of the shed and around to the front of the shack. He bounded on to the rickety porch and, thumping on the door, called out, "Anybody home? Anybody home?"

No one answered. But, in a moment, there came from inside a creaking of boards and a shuffling of heavy boots over the floor. A rough voice asked, "Who's there?"

"Bill McBride from Bar-U Ranch. My friends and I got caught in the storm. Will you let us in?"

There followed low mutterings, and then the door opened. Cyclone looked up into the unshaven face of a huge, red-haired man. The light of a kerosene lamp, held aloft in one enormous hand, emphasized the savage features.

"Could you let us in?" began Cyclone, and then paused. The giant was looking him over from head to foot in a calculating way.

"Sure, sure, come in," said the man finally. He turned and called over his shoulder to two dark figures huddled on the floor near a cook-



stove. "It's okay, partners. It's only a kid. Step inside," he said to Cyclone.

"There are four of us," Cyclone informed him.

After a moment's further hesitation, the red-haired man said grudgingly, "Bring 'em in."

Cyclone went to the edge of the porch and yelled, "Hil Jerome, Angelito, Mac! Come on!"

The three boys scurried from the shed to the porch and tumbled after Cyclone into the shack.

"You cowboys look like a pack of wet rats," was the red-haired man's comment. "These are my partners." He indicated the other two men in the room, who were sitting on their heels, regarding the boys out of narrowed eyes.

"I'm Bill McBride. This is my brother, Mac, and my friends, Angelito and Jerome," said Cyclone. "Thank you for letting us come inside."

The big man lifted a lid on the cook stove and poked up the fire. "Better gather around and steam yourselves dry," he invited gruffly. "How come you're riding out so late? Riding fence?"

"Oh, no. We were . . ." Cyclone hesitated. "We were hunting for a bell," blurted out Little Mac.

"A bell?" The man looked at Cyclone without belief.

"Yes, sir. The bell of the old mission," confirmed Cyclone. Then, they all stood around the blazing stove, steaming like clams under a blanket of seaweed. The boys told Red-Hair and his sullen companions all about the search.

The man nodded. "You boys can stay right here. You must be all tuckered out."

"Gracias, señor!" said Angelito. "But I think we ought to leave. Don't you, Cyclone, soon as . . .?"

"Don't you think of it," the big man interrupted heatedly. "I'll just go out and look after your horses while you settle yourselves for the night."

When he went out, one of the "silent partners" got up. "I'll give you a hand with your bedrolls," he growled. "Move over, Joe," he ordered the other man. Joe grunted and moved in his blanket.



"Look!" whispered Angelito to Cyclone, tugging at his arm. "Look! Pistols!"

Cyclone glimpsed the heavy cartridge belt and the two pistols in their holsters as the blanket moved.

"We had better go pronto," warned the agitated Angelito. "I don't like it here at all."

At that instant, the red-haired man returned. "You've nothing to worry about!" he greeted them cheerfully. "Your cavates are as snug as bugs in a rug."

"We've decided we'd better be getting back," said Cyclone.

"It'd be plumb foolish for you to start out," the big man told him. "It's a regular cloud-burst outside." He glanced suspiciously at his partners. "Have you been scaring these boys while I was gone?" he demanded. He turned to the boys. "Don't let our rough looks frighten you. Just stretch yourselves out and go to sleep."

The boys were soon lying on their bedrolls. Cyclone tried to keep watch, but it was not long before he heard a snore, then another, and then a third. The three men were apparently sound asleep. Cyclone soon found he could not keep his eyes open. He closed them for what he hoped would be a minute or two.

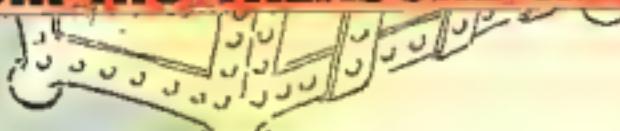
When he woke up, the golden daylight was coming in through the open back door of the shack. He looked about him. The men were gone. There were only the four boys—not only three of them were in the room!

Cyclone jumped up! Angelito, too, was gone!

TO BE CONTINUED



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